

## Lamb Of God

# "The Subtle Arts Of Murder And Persuasion"

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The dark crow man sits and stares  
Into the oblivion, into cold, into nothingness  
It's snowing in his mind  
He's created himself in his own image

Lust held for him means naught  
A knock on the door brings no smile to his cruel lips  
The welcome in a woman's eyes holds nothing for him  
Alone on his haunches the hair raises on the back of his  
neck

His dead eyes pierce the night  
As his gaze falls down on the city it fills him  
The method ascertained, conviction  
He knows what to do and moves to commit the deed

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